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WILLIAM MORRIS.

Of the six great poets whose names stand preëminent in the later Victorian era, five have gone to their rest, and the solitary figure of Mr. Swinburne alone remains to bear aloft the torch of the singer. Rossetti died in 1882, Arnold in 1888, Browning in 1889, Tennyson in 1892; and now "the idle singer of an empty day," as William Morris styled himself with modesty no less excessive than that which prompted Keats in the suggestion of his own epitaph, has ceased from life, and entered into the inheritance of fame that he shares with Chaucer and Boccaccio, with the creators of Norse saga and mediæval French romance. The death of these five men one after another, without the appearance of any new poet comparable with the least of them, has practically established the contention made many years ago by Mr. Stedman, that a well-marked period in English poetry was drawing to its close with the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

The affinities of Morris are with Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne, rather than with Arnold, Browning, or Tennyson; and the public early learned to associate the three poets first-named, not only with one another, but also with the movement in English painting of which Rossetti was one of the chief glories. These men, painters and poets alike, have been variously described as Pre-Raphaelites, members of the stained-glass school, apostles of mediævalism and of Renaissance art. No one of the epithets is exact or comprehensive, but all are at least suggestive of the aims and methods of the extraordinary group of men of genius to whom they are applied. And of the three poets concerned it is to be noted that Morris was the first to make himself heard. "The Defence of Guenevere" was published in 1858; three years later came Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets," and Mr. Swinburne's "Rosamond" and "The Queen Mother." It was not until 1870 that Rossetti's first collection of original poems was exhumed from the grave of his wife and given to the world. When we examine the total poetical product of the three men, we find a wide differentiation of achievement, although a common impulse and common sympathies

may be detected at their starting-points. The dramatic genius, the political and ethical passion, displayed by Mr. Swinburne in his maturer work, are without a parallel in the work of Morris; nor did the latter long remain trammelled by the mysticism and the spiritual subtlety that were characteristic of Rossetti's poetry to the last. As for comparison with Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson, it is clean out of the question. These men felt the whole burden of the modern world, were oppressed by its enigmas, and looked toward the future rather than the past. Morris, on the other hand, found all his inspiration in the past, and the golden age of which he sang was envisaged as a reversion rather than as a progressive evolution. "Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time," he called himself; and, man of affairs that he became and remained to outward seeming, his inner life was always attuned to the simpler harmonies of the naive older world.

The plan and craftsmanship of "The Earthly Paradise," the work by which Morris is best known, are such as to make inevitable some comparison with "The Canterbury Tales," and the author has frequently been described as a modern Chaucer. The ascription of this title has a certain rough external value, but little more. Certainly we may say that "The Earthly Paradise" is the only work in all English literature to challenge comparison with "The Canterbury Tales." Nearly five hundred years had to elapse after the death of Chaucer before England could produce his peer as a story-teller by right divine. But the similarity does not extend far beyond this fact. Chaucer's tales were in their essence prophetic rather than retrospective; they heralded the coming glories of English literature, they were in a sense the precursors of the Elizabethan drama and the modern novel. The tales told by Morris have in common with them little except the qualities of easy rhythm and noble diction that belong to all great poetry, and the fact that they are tales and not subjective outpourings. Of the wit, the shrewdness, the practical good sense, the dramatic faculty, and the insight into the recesses of individual character displayed by Chaucer, there is very little to be found in Morris; but we find instead the conception of men as types rather than individuals, the fresh and simple outlook upon nature, the very breath and finer spirit of all romance. We find, too, a curious blend of Hellenism with mediævalism, or rather an amalgam of the elements of pure beauty common to both styles, the objec-

tivity, the simplicity, and the grace of an art hardly tinged with self-consciousness and innocent of any concealed ulterior motive.

Pure beauty may indeed be taken as the note of all the poetry that William Morris has left for the enrichment of our literature. "Full of soft music and familiar olden charm," to use Mr. Stedman's felicitous phrase, it has the power to lull the senses into forgetfulness of this modern workaday world, to restore the soul with draughts from the wellsprings of life, to bring back the wonder of childhood, the glory and the dream that we may perhaps have thought to be vanished beyond recall. It is poetry to read in the long summer days when we seek rest from strenuous endeavor; it is poetry for the beguilement of all weariness, and for the refreshment of our faith in the simple virtues and the unsophisticated life; it is poetry that brings a wholesome and healing ministry akin to that of Nature herself; it is poetry that leaves the recollection unsullied by any suggestion of impurity and unhaunted by any spectre of doubt. Like Lethe, it has the gift of oblivion for those who seek the embrace of its waters; but, unlike the dark-flowing stream of the underworld, its surface is rippled by the breezes of earth, its banks are overarched by living foliage, and its waves mirror the glad sunlight. This rich treasure of song includes the tentative first volume of miscellaneous poems, the great epic of "The Life and Death of Jason," the twenty-four tales of the wanderers who sought, but did not find, "The Earthly Paradise," the "morality" of "Love is Enough," the story of "Sigurd the Volsung," and the volume of "Poems by the Way." To this list we should also add the versions of the "Odyssey" and the "Æneid," which are great English poems, whatever may be said of them as translations.

We have thus far made no mention of the group of works in which the genius of the poet found a new medium of expression during the last few years of his life. There is nothing in English literature sufficiently like them to be put in the same class with the series of five books that began with "The House of the Wolfings" and ended, shortly before the author's death, with "The Well at the World's End." These romances mingle formal poetry with a sort of poetic prose that has all the qualities of poetry save metre, and that does not err — this is a very important point — by any approach to rhythmical regularity. Mr. Watts-Dunton says the final word upon the subject:

"While the poet's object is to arouse in the listener an expectancy of cesuric effects, the great goal before the writer of poetic prose is in the very opposite direction; it is to make use of the concrete figures and impassioned diction that are the poet's vehicle, but at the same time to avoid the expectancy of metrical bars. The moment that the regular bars assert themselves and lead the reader's ear to expect other bars of the like kind, sincerity ends."

Of poetic prose in the true sense are these romances chiefly made, and their beauty is as absolute, in its own way, as the beauty of the avowed poems. We may speak of these books as a class by repeating what we said some years ago in a review of one of them—"The Story of the Glittering Plain." "The reader of Mr. Morris's first volume of poems might have discerned therein glimpses of the author's affinities for an art even less sophisticated than the Chaucerian, and of the ideals of a still more primitive age. The subsequent development of the author's genius has made this clear enough, and the types of thought and speech which he has delighted to embody have grown more and more archaic and remote. He has found the true springtime of the world, not even in the poems of Homer, but in the sagas of Iceland, in the conditions of Teutonic life of which Tacitus affords us a glimpse, and in the still more primeval regions which myth and folk-lore enable us to penetrate. And he has developed a style in keeping with the life which he depicts, a style which has permitted him to translate the saga literature as it was never translated before, a style of severe and noble simplicity from which the Latin element of the language is all but wholly banished."

In the foregoing characterization of Morris, he has been considered simply as an English man of letters, with no reference to the many activities that he associated with the pursuit of literature. In a strict sense, of course, poetry was his avocation, just as it was with Oliver Wendell Holmes; but the world will remember the poet in both cases long after it has forgotten the professor of medicine and the master of decorative design. Yet if Morris had written no books he would have been one of the most noteworthy men of his time, and his labors in the field of the practical arts would have earned for him the warmest gratitude of all who are struggling to make the world better worth living in. In the department of household decoration he has exerted a wide influence for good; by means of the famous Kelmscott Press, he has done much to develop the public taste for books that are mechanically works

of art; as the advocate of what are probably impossible ideals of social organization, he has done much to stimulate the moral sense of Englishmen, and persuade them that ours is by no means the best of all possible civilizations. He has lived a great and a good life, in the best sense a life of service to mankind, and his death is a loss which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow, near London, in the year 1834. The eldest son of a merchant whose early death left ample provision for the family, the boy was given the education of an English gentleman, and upon leaving Oxford, found himself free to choose a profession. Tentative efforts were made in painting and architecture, but soon abandoned. Poetry proved a kinder mistress, however, and "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems," published in 1858 (republished 1875), apprised the few who found the book out that a new force had appeared in English literature. In 1863, in conjunction with Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, and Edward Burne-Jones, he started his famous London establishment for the designing of wall-paper and other household decorations, and engaged continuously in this business for the remainder of his life. But if his vocation was decorative art, his avocation was literature. "The Life and Death of Jason" was published in 1867, and the twenty-four tales of "The Earthly Paradise" from 1868 to 1870. "Love is Enough," a "morality," appeared in 1872, and "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs" in 1876. "Poems by the Way," his last volume of original poetry, is dated 1892. Translations of the "Æneid" and "Odyssey," respectively, appeared in 1876 and 1887. Icelandic literature was a life-long study with Morris, and an extensive series of translations from the sagas, made in collaboration with Professor Eiríkr Magnússon, attest his industry in this direction. They include the "Grettis Saga" (1869), the "Völsunga Saga" (1870), "Three Northern Love-Stories and Other Tales" (1875), and the volumes of "The Saga Library," of which five have been issued (1891-95), including, among others, the "Eyrbyggja Saga" and the "Heimskringla." Of late years Morris has been writing sagas and mediæval romances of his own, the list comprising "The House of the Wolfings" (1889), "The Roots of the Mountains" (1890), "The Story of the Glittering Plain" (1891), "The Wood beyond the World" (1894), and "The Well at the World's End" (1896), which appeared a few days before his death. In 1895 he published a translation of "Beowulf." Morris was a socialist, although of a type neither practical nor revolutionary, and his writings upon this subject include "A Dream of John Ball" (1888), "News from Nowhere" (1892), and "Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome" (1893), the latter work written in conjunction with Mr. Belfort Bax. "Hopes and Fears for Art," a collection of five lectures, appeared in 1881. Of late years he has devoted much of his time to bookmaking in the mechanical sense, and the products of his Kelmscott Press are among the most cherished possessions of bibliophiles. He died Saturday morning, the third of October, and was buried the following Wednesday.

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

The author of "Trilby" died in London on the eighth of this month, at the age of sixty-two. Had his death occurred five years ago, the news would have made some stir in artistic circles, but a literary journal would hardly have been called upon to so much as mention it. To-day, his death means the loss of a widely-read novelist, and is a cause of genuine grief to many thousands who had never heard of him until he was nearly sixty years old. His contribution to literature consisted, as everybody knows, of "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby," and "The Martian," the latter of these three novels being now in course of serial publication in "Harper's Magazine." The astonishing popularity of "Trilby" in this country (for the book had no such vogue anywhere else) was the result of a "craze" rather than of a genuine recognition of the meritorious qualities of that novel. What it was that caught the American fancy—whether the hypnotism of Svengali, or the bare feet of the heroine, or the eccentricities of her three champions—is not easy to determine, but it is quite certain that the success of the book was not won upon rational grounds. To a judge of literature, indeed, "Trilby" had admirable qualities, but the things that attracted popular attention were the accidental features of the work, and even the blots upon its execution. Its unconventional and amateurish qualities were condoned by the critic for the sake of the rich and genial nature that found expression in its pages. One could not help feeling that here was a talent akin to that of Thackeray, and there was no lack of charitable allowance for the fact that the author was a beginner in literature. "Peter Ibbetson," which came before "Trilby," is thought by some to be the better novel of the two, but in this judgment we cannot concur. As for "The Martian," comparison is as yet out of the question. Du Maurier appears to have been a singularly lovable man, and his readers felt that they were brought into unusually intimate relations with his personality. For this reason particularly his death brings with it a sense of loss quite out of proportion to the importance of his literary achievements.

ORIGINALITY IN LITERATURE.

On the appearance of a new force in literature, the critics constitute the conservative element in appraising the work and giving it its place; the public, poor giddy-headed thing, not seldom jumps at what is to its taste, swallowing it whole in a gusto of unthinking dietetic delectation. But they whose sacred function it is to be at once Radamanthus and Mercury, stern judge and messenger of good to men, are not so easily caught, and at once begin to apply tests and standards. These are likely to be traditional and well-defined: the canons of an established literary development, the criteria not of yes-

terday but of generations and centuries. The new aspirants who win critical favor, moreover, are generally bound to do good work within these recognized and well-defined limits. This is natural, and of easy solution: it is always a plainer task to judge a given thing by some standard of common agreement, while it is folly to deny that a residuum of truth is here; familiar accents are those best loved by even the critical ear. When the pioneers of literary expression or of form appear, they it is who, as a rule, fare hardest at the hands of the critical class, even if the broad republic of readers be not deaf to the message. Temporary fluctuations there are, to be sure, when it becomes a fad to hail the bizarre novelty, the fresh voice; and our own time is an illustration of this. When a Francis Thompson emerges from the purlieu of obscurity, with the welcome drapery of a mysterious and romantic career about him, bringing the world (in his initial volume) the raw material of poetry rather than poetry itself, the furor he creates is of so exaggerated a type, both among cultured readers and critics themselves, as to suggest the theory of the new for the new's sake pushed *ad absurdum*. But even to-day, a Francis Thompson could not win the consensus of critical opinion as—to take another modern and strictly contemporaneous instance—could a William Watson. In the latter's verse is to be seen the culture of the schools, the methods of Wordsworth and Tennyson, the sobriety and balance of a great and accredited tradition in English poetry. Hence, while he is written down as "literary," his place is secured quicker and more surely than that of a bard whose manner is more violently individual and whose literary lineage is less plainly to be traced. On the one hand, then, tradition is always at work, and (for a season at least) the work is most likely to win plaudits whose way is in accordance with its tenets; on the other hand, the rebellious, the daring and progressive, the iconoclastic maker of literature, blazing new paths and moving forward with an unwonted and uncouth gait, will in the nature of things have an unsmooth time and make slower progress.

No objection to this class of innovations is more often brought to bear than that of affectation: it is a stumbling block for every new writer whose manner is markedly aside from the beaten way; it is dinned into his ears, mayhap, until he become self-conscious, dropping what was a natural and legitimate mode of expression for that which, while more conventional, is for that very reason, for him, imitative and unnatural. If it happened that the new hand be resolute and independent enough to push on in indifference to these criticisms, in time its "affectation" will more likely than not be dubbed "originality," and the struggle be over. Bluntschli's phrase, "Politics is present history and history past politics," suggests the literary parallel: affectation is present originality, originality past affectation. Very often this apothegm is vindicated. Familiar examples in our day are afforded by poets

like Browning and Whitman. The English master's early and tentative efforts — and his idiosyncrasies were marked in such a cryptic work as "Sordello" — found no audience, and he had to win his way slowly, not coming to conceded and wide recognition until middle-age had come, and the approval he most cared for — that of his wife — was impossible, since she had passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace." But Robert Browning held stoutly to his individuality — cacophony, psychologic stress, obscurity, and all; never abating jot or tittle of his faith or method, and leaving to the society formed to expound his verse the parious task of explaining his meaning, when it lay beyond ordinary comprehension. Even long after he was ranked with Tennyson as chief singer of the Victorian era, yea, now when he is dead and his poetry is subject to the decree of Time, there be those who believe that his peculiarities were self-consciously wilful, that he was, in short, "affected." But the bulk of the best opinion will join the dictum of his idolators of the Browning Society in the decision that his manner was natural, his very own in an intimate and organic sense; that Browning is a stalwart specimen of the species Original. The case is somewhat different with Whitman. Browning, with all his artistic blemishes, was, broadly viewed, a great artist: the Camden Seer for a long life-time deliberately refused to do his work after the prescribed rules of verse, eschewing rhyme, definite rhythm, the diction and form of poetry, and the principle of artistic selection. He conquered, so far as he did conquer, by the natural music in him sounding forth in his irregularly rhythmic, half-prosaic dithyrambs, and by the picturesque virility and the large sweep of his thought and expression. But the point at issue is, What of the validity of this phenomenon? Affectation and originality are in turn attributed to him, according as the critic regards his mannerisms and extravagances as an integral and honest part of him, or as intentionally assumed, an art-pose for the sake of *blague*. Good men have taken either side: Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Swinburne the affirmative, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Gosse the negative. And much confusion there is at present concerning this formidable individuality, who insistently demands some classification, yet on whom few are agreed. An international society for the reverent study of his life and work is already founded, yet it is safe to say that it will be some years hence before his biography is included in our regular Men of Letters series.

The whole question of affectation versus originality, then, comes to this: Is a man's manner, his method of expression, natural and honest? If so, however contrary to the accepted theory, however shocking to experience and taste, he is to be studied on this major premise, and not to be refused a hearing. He is, to be sure, open to jealous and judicial judgment at the bar of Art, and indicted if found guilty. Whitman, in our opinion, must plead guilty to this indictment. But he cannot be refused a trial on the ground that he is a *poseur*. Past literary rec-

ord declares that history will show this to be unfair and frequently wrong in the sequel; moreover, it is evident that if traditional criticism be allowed to settle each new claimant's case, there can be no uniform standard, for the very good reason that traditions vary with the years and the current schools. Yesterday, classicism perhaps had sole sway; to-day, romanticism has; to-morrow, realism may have; the day after to-morrow, neo-romanticism; none of them is all-perfect, all of them contain the millet seed of truth. And so the novitiate is the buffet of temporal canons. When the English poet-critic, Mr. Edmund Gosse, was lecturing in Baltimore, he took occasion to refer to the Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, whose connection with Johns Hopkins University he knew, and whose medallion indeed looked at him from the wall as he spoke in terms of kindly but frank disapproval. He deprecated what he called Lanier's "strained attempt to be original." The scene well furnishes a text for our sermon: the British critic, with his leaning to tradition and classicality in English poetry, utterly failed to grasp the seriousness, the spontaneity and the deep spiritual honesty of the American singer as man and poet, qualities precluding the possibility of his straining for effect or striving toward a fantastic originality. The literary bias of Mr. Gosse, and his unfamiliarity with Lanier as a man, disqualified his judgment, which already, ten years having elapsed, is being reversed by the best critical opinion, which awards the Georgian, half-accomplished and tentative as his work was, his place among the few masters of American song.

But granting that this esoteric test of honesty be the safer one, how may we apply it? The objector might, not unnaturally, claim that the difficulty of judging a man's character in his work was quite as much open to the chance of error as are the fluctuating tests of more objective and conventional literary criticism. But a little reflection will, we fancy, prove this to be otherwise. It is a pretty safe general proposition that a man's essential character can be gathered from his work; the "real John" speaks there if anywhere. True, often the life is sadly in dissonance with the written profession or implication: one thinks of Rousseau with his "Emile," letting his own illegitimate children die in the foundling's hospital; of Byron, frankly a *roué* and sensualist; and of Bacon, wisest, meanest of mankind. But we maintain that a good book (in the ethic sense) means a good man either in positive or potential. In the cases of those who blot their fair fame on the personal side with sins and shortcomings, we see men who were made for higher things, however out of tune and harsh under the fierce assaults of the flesh or the lure of worldliness. As nowhere else, such are sincere in their books. And when, in addition to the subtle testimony of the printed page — that permanent registration of the inner spirit, — the life of the writer, studied and analyzed in all its light and shade, its confusing minutiae and the significance of its rounded whole, is seen to be

beautiful and for the nonce blameless, there is set up a dual and cumulative surety that here is no posing trickster, but a genuine and straightforward human brother, with failings beyond doubt, but one lovable and trustworthy. And our great literary personalities can be thus studied, and should be, in order to reach any conclusion upon this vexed question of their affectation.

The method of proof is thus that of literary criticism corrected by the study of personal character. Such a matter as the honesty or dishonesty of mannerisms can only be settled in this way. Apply the test of life to the literature of a Browning, a Whitman, or a Meredith, and much of the criticism which, reversing the habit of the court, assumes the prisoner guilty until he proves his innocence, will be exposed in all its nugatory superficiality.

RICHARD BURTON.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A WORLD-ANTHOLOGY OF LYRIC POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The earnest lover of poetry, in his desire to become intimately acquainted with "that great Poem which all poets, like the coöperating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world" (Shelley, quoted by Palgrave), finds, firstly, that much of it is inaccessible locked up in foreign literatures; secondly, that contemporary additions of value, though more accessible, must frequently wait years before being brought to his notice by the collectors of anthologies, who, besides, necessarily omit much that is good. He may approximately keep pace with the additions in his own language, though his enjoyment will be marred by the necessity for reference work; but he can make no pretence, beyond a very limited one, of overcoming the first obstacle.

In the latter respect, the art of poetry is exceptional in the hindrances to its progress. Music, sculpture, painting, and inventions have no limitations of language, but at once become common property so far as their benefits are concerned. The obstacle of inaccessibility is, indeed, insurmountable by the general public. But when we consider the relative importance, for the development of literature, of that class of readers whose members, though few, may become leaders of taste and culture, and that, if each foreign language possessed a collection of but half the value which Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" might have by being brought down to the present year, the probability that the thin veil of Teutonic and Romance languages would deter few of our leaders from assimilating those collections, and thus other languages represented would find more readers than at present,—when we consider these propositions, the thoughts arise that a World-Anthology of Lyric Poetry, even in a *pot-pourri* of the original languages, would fill a want; and if the scheme of the collection were such as to admit of organic increase from year to year, we could then say that our literary culture was not behind our science in its mechanical helps. The cultivation of all nations would be drawn together by observing their own place and that of their neighbors in the most sacred activity of the mind. Whatever shape may be taken by the re-flowering of poetry prophesied by

Mr. Stedman, it will be powerfully influenced by the standard of excellence previously adopted. Such a standard cannot but be raised by a more faithful absorption of the best the world has to give.

The project thus suggested is doubtless too formidable to be in its perfection other than an ideal in our time. But by judicious limitations we may bring the essential features within range of our immediate powers. I have in my mind's eye a volume, or rather volumes, consisting of a text and a bulky appendix. The text consists of lyric selections of all periods in the most important literary languages, dead as well as living. The term "lyric" here applies to the spirit, not the form; for the selections, besides complete poems, include many passages from longer poems of all kinds, not excluding blank verse. All are characterized by unobtrusiveness of art, inevitableness, and absolute sincerity; and by a degree of simplicity, intensity of feeling, excellence of expression, and concentration. They are largely of that kind of poetry which appeals to the heart directly, rather than to the heart through the intellect, according to the pithy distinction made by a reviewer in THE DIAL. The appendix includes all of the poems (when short, and good enough) from which passages were quoted in the text; other poems that have excellence but are shut out of the text by the severe standard adopted; and necessary annotations, including prose translations when deemed advisable. The characteristic of the text is poetic intensity; that of the appendix, an attempt at scholarly completeness. Most of the labor of preparing the appendix may be relegated to future years, or the next generation.

The selections in the text, in this imagined volume, are not arranged according to periods. It is assumed that ultimately the poems themselves are more precious than their minor traits; that the readers of such a work already possess the requisite historical knowledge. Logical and artistic arrangement throughout is regarded as an essential feature of the presentation of that Poem of the World referred to by Shelley. Nevertheless, poems of different periods are not indiscriminately mixed. Much of the work is naturally composed of sub-groups, each containing poems of a separate period. An example (necessarily very imperfect, for the work does not exist) may best illustrate: A few of a certain class of love-poems would probably be arranged as in the following list of first lines, in which the affinities of the Elizabethan poems for each other are at once seen: "Ich denke Dein" (Goethe); "En Avril où naquit amour" (Jean de la Taille); "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" (Heine); "Elle était bien jolie" (Charles Nodier); "Her arms across her breast she laid" (Tennyson); "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth" (Heine); "Vitas hinnuleo me similis" (Horace); "Du schönes Fischermädchen" (Heine); "Ich hab' ein kleines Hütchen" (J. W. L. Gleim); "Huc ades O Galatea" (Vergil); and the corresponding passage of Theocritus; "Come down, O maid" (Tennyson); "Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!" (Ben Jonson); a passage from the song of Daphnis in the sixth idyll of Theocritus; "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?" (Shakespeare); "Come live with me and be my love" (Marlowe); "Pack, clouds, away" (Heywood); "It was a lover and his lass" (Shakespeare); "Crabbed Age and Youth" (Shakespeare); "Fair, and fair, and twice so fair" (Peele); "Gin a body meet a body"; "Nach Sevilla" (Brentano); "Bonnie lassie, will you go" (Burns); "If love were what the rose is" (Swinburne);

"To-day what is there in the air" (Marzials); "Dass du mich liebst, das wusst' ich" (Heine); "Wie heisst König Ringangs Töchterlein?" (Mörike); "Quel vago impallidir, che'l dolce riso" (Petrarch); "Aennchen von Tharau" (Simon Dach); "O wert thou in the cauld blast" (Burns); "O my love's like a red, red rose" (Burns); "She walks in beauty" (Byron); "Maxwellton braes are bonny" (Lady John Scott).

One who has not tried it can have but little idea of the pleasant surprises, the unsuspected combinations, side-lights, and mutual reinforcement of emotions, the clear outlook over the excellences of each literature, and the satisfaction of keeping up with the times, which are the result of collecting and classifying material at hand in even a few languages. And more: the work as a whole will be a grand lyrical drama, emphasizing the unity of humanity. It would be a cause for congratulation if the impulse and beginning of a movement of art no less important than that cultivated at Bayreuth should come from America.

F. L. THOMPSON.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 10, 1896.

PROOF IN LITERARY USAGE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The correspondent who discussed the subject of proof in literary usage in your last issue seems unaware that, while asking what constitutes proof, he is in effect precluding proof. When we say that a given usage is *historical*, he replies that history is *irrelevant*; when we exhibit the evidence that it is *present*, he maintains that our evidence is *occasional*. Without going into the complete theory of proof, there is no doubt that argument must be addressed to the issue as made; and I may be pardoned for recalling that this is just what I endeavored to urge and to illustrate in my brief letter in THE DIAL of July 16, entitled "Journalistic Retribution."

The mere dogmatist may with simple denial be dismissed to his prejudices and predilections: to the claimant that reason or analogy forbids this or that combination, it is enough to show that this or that combination is or has at some time been reasonable in some tongues and has its recognized parallels in our own; to him who maintains that illustrations of a given locution cited from representative authors are exceptional, the citations may be multiplied, or a confident and competent observer is warranted in diverting the burden to the objector: to him who arrays authorities, their admitted fallibility in other issues may be demonstrated, while other authorities may be pitted against his host, after an asserted and exemplified present, national, and reputable usage is discredited as exceptional.

Of course, rhetoric changes; and usage remains the only test of usage, without which authority is puerile and reason and analogy are inadequate, while dogma and prejudice are always insignificant. In view of a recognized and prevailing grammatical principle, an occasional violation is not usage, a regular or approximately regular violation is usage; hence Hawthorne's *whomsoever* as subject is the former, while "*who did you see?*" is the latter, in spite of any alleged authority, analogy, reason, or predilection. It is notable that objectors, even while accepting the arbitrament of usage, insist on regarding as *occasional* illustrations they dislike without the trouble of a fair count. It is in point to refer to the recent discussion of, "*Who was given a seat,*" which I believe I can illustrate overwhelmingly from any author in any form of literature valid for present usage, as well as from the irresponsible periodical

publications. Indeed, the irony of fate—"pede Poena claudo"—has recently overtaken our friend "The Bookman," who in his September issue (page 78) writes "We are accorded an insight." In the play of "Caste," when the marchioness, whose universe is her visiting list, says, "There are no such people as Eccles!" the aged bacchanalian who owns that name rejoins, "Well, marm, I takes the liberty of hexistin' notwithstanding!" Usage is like old Eccles.

CASKIE HARRISON.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1896.

AN ILLOGICAL INFERENCE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A correspondent in your issue of October 1 has done me the honor of glancing over my excursus on "Dogmatic Philology" (THE DIAL, Sept. 1, pp. 109-110), but his comments show that he could not have read it carefully, for there is nothing in my communication that can, by any logical inference, be brought into opposition to the views which he, in common with every other sane man, holds. I agree with him entirely in the three main points he makes: (a) that the correct usage of a former period of the language, as in Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, is no proof of the correctness of present usage; (b) that the use of an idiom in one language does not justify a similar use in another; (c) that an array of blunders culled here and there from the works of reputable authors cannot be used to establish proof of the correctness of these expressions. But I am at a loss to know what he found in my article that was at variance with these trite observations, or that would warrant an issue with me on these points.

He asks, "Does not the writer assume that rhetoric never changes? Does he not accept an idiom in one language as evidence of acceptable usage in another tongue? What pertinency is there otherwise to his quotations from Sophocles, Chateaubriand, or even from Spenser and Milton?"

In the discussion of the phrase "in our midst" there was involved necessarily the use of the possessive adjective in the objective sense; and to show that this was not an isolated fact in English, I quoted, from Latin, Greek, French, and German classics, examples of similar usage. This, it was thought, would certainly not weaken the argument. When it came to treating the phrase under discussion as an English idiom, I went back to the Anglo-Saxon, following the historical method, and supporting the position by three quotations from Schiller's classic German, the only other Teutonic tongue, I regret to say, that I am familiar enough with to quote. Since then, I have noticed that Dr. Fitzedward Hall ("Modern English," p. 49) cites an example from Middle English, "*in her middis*, that is to say, *in their midst*," in support of the genuineness of the idiom. I went a little farther back, to Old English; that is all.

And again, in combatting the statement of the rhetorician that "is gone" is not idiomatic, I referred to Anglo-Saxon and German in vindication of its rights. In matters of English idiom one cannot get away from one's grandmother tongue, any more than in matters of heredity one can get away from one's grandfather. It is rather late in the day, however, to have to reiterate, in self-defence, this evident truth.

As to "try and" instead of "try to," I did not "cull here and there from books of accepted authors," but quoted four examples from a single essay of one of the most modern of modern men of letters.

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., Oct. 8, 1896.

The New Books.

A SURVIVING CONTEMPORARY OF LAMB, KEATS, AND SHELLEY.*

From Charles Lamb's day to ours seems a pretty far cry; and it is a little startling to find a contemporary of our own who was also a contemporary of his, chatting familiarly of him and his circle, very much as if she had parted from them the day before yesterday. Therein, and in a certain pleasant old-time primness of style that is perhaps a relic of early devotion to Richardson's epistolary heroines, lies the chief charm of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's cheery retrospect of her "Long Life." From cover to cover the little book spans a wide interval of years and manners. In her girlhood the writer was the pupil of Mary Lamb—of comparatively young Mary Lamb; she remembers Keats, who as a boy had thrashed his way, *more suo*, to the top of her father-in-law's school at Enfield; she had a glimpse of Shelley; she was intimate with Leigh Hunt; she saw Munden (Lamb's Munden) in "Cockletope" and Liston in "Paul Pry"; she saw the Vestris in "Orpheus" "clad," she records, "in the smallest amount of clothing I had ever *then* seen upon the stage"; she knew Hazlitt well and Godwin slightly, and heard Coleridge hold forth mellifluously on the "spherical music" at Highgate. A fair notion of the very old-time savor pervading Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's earlier chapters may be conveyed by the following extract from the account of her wedding:

"I remember rather wondering at my own perfect calmness during the service, for I had determined not to follow Charlotte Grandison's example of hesitation at saying the word 'obey,' but to speak the 'love, honor, and obey' with the full tone that should express the true wish of my heart to faithfully keep this vow. Well might I, with such a man as he was who had chosen me, and whom I had long known, esteemed, respected, admired, and warmly loved."

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke was born at London on June 22, 1809. Her father, Vincent Novello, the noted composer, was for twenty-six years organist at the Portuguese Embassy's Chapel, whither his skill attracted a large and distinguished concourse weekly. It used to be playfully said of Mr. Novello that his "voluntaries," conventionally supposed to play the congregation out, on the contrary kept them in, listening till the very last note. Of her childhood Mrs. Cowden-Clarke gives a number of pleas-

ing, if slight, reminiscences. That she was a very "proper" little girl, of (as the times went) conscientious bringing-up, a little incident shows. She had been asked to a children's party, where they were playing a round game of cards.

"When the nursery-maid came to fetch me home, the lady of the house offered me some silver, saying: 'Take this seven-and-sixpence, you have won it.' 'I thought,' I replied, 'that we were playing with counters; I saw them on the table, ma'am. I did not know we were playing for money. I have none, and could not have paid if I had lost. Therefore I can't have won, and can't take that silver.' When I went home and told my mother what had happened, she said: 'You did well to refuse the money, and gave the *right reason* [the italics are ours] for doing so.'"

The Novellos' house in Oxford Street was naturally a resort of artists and literary people. "Elia" speaks *passim* of "the little household, cake-producing, wine-bringing out," of the "friendly supper-tray and draught of true Sutheran beer" that succeeded to the feasts of music provided by the host. Besides the artists Varley, Copley, Fielding, and others, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke remembers having seen in the little drawing-room the Lambs, Leigh Hunt, Keats—many distinguished guests, for whom her childish enthusiasm was curiously strong. Shelley she had a peep at over the parlor window-blind, as he was leaving the house after a visit to her father; of which incident she says:

"Well was I rewarded, for, as he passed before our house, he gave a glance up at it, and I beheld his seraph-like face, with its blue eyes, and aureoled by its golden hair."

Keats she thus describes:

"I have even now a full recollection of the reverent look with which I regarded him, as he leaned against the side of the organ, listening with rapt attention to my father's music. Keats's favorite position—one foot raised on his other knee—still remains imprinted on my memory; as also does the last time I saw him, half-reclining on some chairs that formed a couch for him when he was staying at Leigh Hunt's house, just before leaving England for Italy."

It was while the Novellos were living in Bedford Square that our author became a pupil of Mary Lamb. Miss Lamb had volunteered to give her little friend lessons in Latin; and the latter used, therefore, to trudge regularly at the appointed hour to Great Russell Street, where the Lambs then lived. One morning, on entering the room, she found a guest sitting with Miss Lamb, whom she heard say, "Oh, I am nothing now but a stocking-mending old woman." The speaker is thus described:

"This lady had straight, black brows, and looked still

*MY LONG LIFE. An Autobiography. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Illustrated New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

young, I thought, and had a very intelligent, expressive countenance. When she went away, Miss Lamb said,—"That is the excellent actress, Miss Kelly. Look at her well, Victoria, for she is a woman to remember having seen. And, indeed, this was no other than the admirable artiste to whom Charles Lamb addressed his two sonnets; the one beginning,—

'You are not Kelly of the common strain,'

and the other, on her performance of 'The Blind Boy,' beginning,—

'Rare artist, who with half thy tools or none
Canst execute with ease thy curious art.'

From Bedford Square the Novellos moved to Shacklwell; and it was at this period that Mrs. Cowden-Clarke was sent to a school at Boulogne-sur-Mer, to acquire the French language. On returning from Boulogne, she became governess to the children of a Mr. Purcell; and in 1826 she was affianced to Mr. Charles Cowden-Clarke, whom she had long known. They were married in 1828; and before settling down in London they spent a delightful week with the Lambs at Enfield. Charles Lamb, one can readily believe, was the "cordialest of hosts,—playful, genial, hospitably promotive of pleasurable things, walks, cheerful meals, and the very best of talk. Of his pranks there was no end; and he really seems to have "gone through life" (as he said of his friend Rickman) "laughing at solemn apes."

"His hospitality, while we were visiting him that memorable week, was characteristically manifested one day, in his own peculiarly whimsical way, by his starting up from dinner, hastening to the front garden gate, and opening it for a donkey that he saw standing there, and looking, as Lamb said, as if he wanted to come in and munch some of the grass growing so plentifully behind the railing."

Another visit of signal interest was one paid by our author to Leigh Hunt (her "first poet," and the object of her childish adoration) at Highgate. She says:

"I must have always had a touch of romance in my disposition,—even as long back as when, quite a child, I had crept round the sofa to kiss his hand. . . . Thus to stay in the same house with him; to be the companion of his walks about such charming environs; to listen to his confidential talk after breakfast, in his flowered morning-gown, when he would discuss with me his then literary projects in a style which showed he felt he had near him one who could understand and appreciate his avowed views,—all formed a bewitching combination that rendered this visit indeed a memorable one to me. He was then full of a project for writing a book to be called 'Fabulous Zoölogy,' which was to treat of dragons, griffins, cockatrices, basilisks, etc."

When the Cowden-Clarks first settled in London, Charles was writing for the newspapers,—the "Examiner" among others, for which he wrote the theatrical notices. This

engagement, says our author, "afforded us most congenial entertainment for our evenings, since it took us perpetually to the different theatres."

It was a day of great actors, and they saw the best of them, Edmund Kean, for instance. Of Kean's famous "Sir Giles Overreach" Mrs. Cowden-Clarke remembers chiefly the death-scene.

"He lay prostrate near the footlights, his face and figure clearly visible to the audience, and fearfully true to the ebbing of life was the picture they presented. In 'Othello' a striking point was the mode in which he clung to the side-scene when uttering the words, 'Not a jot, not a jot,' in Act III., scene 3, as if trying to steady himself against the life-blow he was receiving. Towards the latter part of his career, Kean most frequently played 'Shylock,' and grand was his playing throughout. But a superb piece of action and voice was his, as he delivered the speech, concluding with the words—'The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.' He seemed positively to writhe from head to foot as he poured forth his anguished recapitulation of his own and his nation's wrongs, and of his as deadly determination to have his revenge upon them."

Of Kean and Liston a humorous story is recorded *à propos* of a wager laid by the latter that he could make Kean laugh even on the stage, despite his boast that nothing could upset his gravity while there.

"Once, when Kean was playing 'Rolla,' a procession of veiled Virgins of the Sun had to enter and pass before him. The first virgin, as she passed, suddenly raised her veil, confronted Kean with the irresistible visage of Liston, and the wager was won, for Kean went off into an uncontrollable fit of laughter."

The evenings at the theatres brought the Cowden-Clarks and Hazlitt (then dramatic critic for the "Times") often together. Hazlitt's gift in painting, the author says, was remarkable.

"A portrait he took of his old nurse,—a mere head,—the upper part of the face in strong shadow from an over-pending black silk bonnet edged with lace, while the wrinkled cheeks, the lines about the mouth, with the touches of actual and reflected light, were given with such vigor and truth as well might recall the style of the renowned Flemish master, and actually did cause a good judge of the art to say to Hazlitt, 'Where did you get that Rembrandt?'"

It was about a year after her marriage that Mrs. Cowden-Clarke began her "Concordance to Shakespeare," which occupied her for sixteen years. She had already made certain minor essays in literature, in the shape of five brief papers published in Hone's "Table Book," to which serial Lamb also was a contributor. We may quote here from what she has to say, in closing, of her own relations with the author's alleged natural enemy and Shylockian taskmaster, the publisher.

"I may here take occasion to say that all my experience of publishers has been most agreeable. Contrary to the prejudiced opinion sometimes expressed, that authors and publishers are often antagonistic in their transactions, I have invariably met with courtesy and kindness. . . . I must not omit to record that from American publishers I have also received tokens of marked regard. Messrs. Munro, Messrs. Roberts of Boston, Mr. G. P. Putnam, and Messrs. Appleton of New York, have each and all shown me much that proves the courtesy of publishers to authors."

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke has some kind words to say of Douglas Jerrold.

"Hardly a greater mistake could be made than to attribute bitterness or ill-nature to Jerrold's sharpest sarcasms, as sometimes was the case by those who merely heard of them and did not know his real nature. We who did know him understood them better. He was deeply earnest in all serious things, and very much in earnest when dealing with less apparently important matters which he thought needed the scourge of a sarcasm. His concern for the object of his satirical quips was often at the root of them; and he would pour forth his keen flights of pointed arrows chiefly with the view of rousing to improvement his butt, whom he knew capable of better things, and on whom the shafts of his ridicule might tell to good purpose rather than harm. . . . As a token of his belief that he was entirely understood and appreciated by my Charles and me, I may mention that when he brought his 'Mrs. Caudle's Lectures' as a presentation copy to me, he had written in its blank page, — 'Presented with great timidity, but equal regard, to Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, by Douglas Jerrold.'"

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's later chapters contain some interesting references to literary people, and artists of more modern vogue, whom she met at home and abroad; but we must forbear transplanting any more of her "purple patches" to our own pages. Enough has been quoted, we trust, to send the reader expectantly to her pleasant little book. It contains a frankly, almost naively, told life-story, sweet with the pervading suggestion of sunny days, warm friends, and wholesome thoughts; and might well bear on its dainty title-page as a motto the device on Hazlitt's Venetian sun-dial: "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*" (I count only the hours that are serene). The volume is prettily made and well printed — though there are two or three unfortunate misprints, as "match" for march, on page 67; "Murot" for Marot, on page 56; and "Ranch's" for Rauch's, on page 203. There are several portraits, including an attractive one of the author.

E. G. J.

MISS RUTH PUTNAM'S "Life of William of Orange" has been honored by a translation into Dutch and a publication at The Hague, and its author by an election to the Society of Literature of the Netherlands (De Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde te Leiden), the first time this society (dating from 1778) has conferred this honor on a foreign woman.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.*

That a good-sized volume of four hundred and fifty pages may be written concerning books and their makers in the middle ages attests at least a considerable degree of mental activity during that period of time, even if most of such intellectual energy was resultant in character, and not of a constructive and original quality. The mediæval product in book manufacture appears truly enormous, when the means and methods are considered. The great collection of Muratori in Italy, of Dom Bouquet in France, the Rolls Series in England, the Monumenta of German history, not to speak of the vast body of writing comprised in Migne, all together comprise a mass of matter aggregating nearly four hundred folio volumes.

One may reasonably expect a book about books to be bookish; and the relative sterility of mediæval thought may intensify that quality. Mr. Putnam has been very bookish indeed. He has told us much that is of interest and profit, and has given much detail regarding the methods of writing, the regime that prevailed in the monasteries, the work of the universities. But little is said of the men who wrote the books. In a word, the makers and the men receive a small amount of observation. Books are to our author the concrete substance rather than a potential personality. But the rationale of mediæval thought is not so far removed from the manner of expression and preservation of that thought as the work before us has divorced them. A book is a personality, and much mediæval writing was original, even if crude. The maker is behind the thing made. A study of the condition of the production and distribution of literature from the decline of the Roman Empire also involves a study of condition and development of thought, and the personal history of the men who formed that thought, as well as a consideration of resources and method of manufacture.

The mere preservation of classic literature, the copying of the Vulgate Bible and homilies of the church fathers, or the writing of saints' lives, were not the whole devotion of mediæval scribes. What of Gregory of Tours and Nithard in Frankish history? of Frodoard and Richer and Suger in France? of Rodolph of Fulda, remarkable as the only mediæval writer to whom Tacitus was known at first-hand? The

* BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By George Haven Putnam. Volume I., 476-1600. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

history of the recovery by Pertz of the lost manuscript of Richer, mouldy and dilapidated, in the cathedral library of Bamberg, is a romantic story with the higher beauty of truth attached to it. Suger is remarkable as the earliest French chronicler to whom the advisability of using the French language instead of Latin, in the *Chroniques de Saint-Denis*, suggested itself. Instead of the meagre paragraph in notice of Dunstan, whole pages might have been made luminous in telling of him. The man whose influence along intellectual lines penetrated as far into later English history as the time of the Reformation was greater than the books written in Glastonbury, or than the curious manuscript believed by some to have been wrought by Dunstan's own finger-joints.

As the history of modern book-making dates from Gutenberg, so that of the middle ages must be dated from the establishment of the monastery of Monte Cassino by St. Benedict in 529. The agencies to which were due the maintenance of intellectual interest and literary activities during this period of nine centuries were three in number, and these three conveniently separate the period into three stages.

"During the first, the responsibility for the preservation of the old-time literature, and for keeping alive some continuity of intellectual life, rested solely with the monasteries, and the work of multiplying and distributing such books as had survived was carried on by the monks, and by them only. During the second stage, the older universities, the organization of which had gradually been developed from schools (themselves chiefly of monastic origin), became centres of intellectual activity and shared with the monasteries the work of producing books. The books emanating from the university scribes were, however, for the most part restricted to a few special classes, classes which had, as a rule, not been produced in the monasteries and . . . the university booksellers were in the earlier period not permitted to engage in any general distribution of books. With the third stage of manuscript literature, book-producing and book-selling machinery came into existence in the towns, and the knowledge of reading being no longer confined to the cleric or the magister, books were prepared for the use of the large circles of the community, and to meet the requirements of such circles were, to an extent increasing with each generation, written in the tongue of the people" (pp. 9-10).

The preservation and dissemination of thought in the western world in the middle ages was almost wholly dependent upon the work of the monks. Mr. Putnam gives a full and exact account of the preparation of materials and the process of writing. Since Montalembert, indebtedness to the "Monks of the West" for the preservation of the literary heritage of Europe has been clearly recognized. That almost inspired clause in the Rule of St.

Benedict, providing that "He who does not turn up the earth with the plough ought to write the parchment with his fingers," saved Western Europe. It directed the entire intellectual activity of the time and much of the physical energy. The monk was a civilizer. He built his retreat by a marsh or in a forest because it was trial so to live. The Rule required him to labor, and if he did not write he labored with his hands, draining the fens and cutting down the forest. Not a little of the intellectual product, however, of the monks was due to negative motives. It was a common form of penance — particularly in the darkest period, the ninth and tenth centuries — to impose the writing of a certain amount of "copy"; and slovenly work the writer sometimes made of it. The variant readings in classic literature which to-day vex and perplex scholars are many of them due to the carelessness of some half-hearted or disciplined inmate of a monastery, who, working away in a cold cell unprovided with means of warmth, and with only winter daylight struggling through the narrow casement, had no regard for the matter he was copying, and little regard for the manner in which he was writing.

Of the ancient classics, Cicero and Aristotle were most earnestly read. A valuable paragraph is this:

"The fact that, during the manuscript period and the first two centuries of printing, the writings of Cicero were reproduced far more largely than those of any other of the Roman writers, is interesting as indicating a distinct literary preference on the part of successive generations both of producers and of readers. The pre-eminence of Aristotle in the lists of the mediæval issues of the Greek classics has, I judge, a different significance. Aristotle stood for a school of philosophy, the teachings of which, in the main, had been accepted by the Church, and the copies of his writings were required for the use of students. The continued demand for the works of Cicero depended upon no such adventitious aid, and can, therefore, fairly be credited to their perennial value as literature" (p. xii.).

But as the New Europe opened, and Greece and Rome faded into the background, while the dogmatic theology of the Church developed, the classic writers came to be looked upon askance. "What do we want," wrote S. Eligius in the eighth century, "with the so-called philosophies of Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, or with the rubbish and nonsense of such shameless poets as Homer, Vergil, and Merander?" Vergil became a name to conjure with. Sylvester II. was looked upon as a necromancer, because of his love for classic literature; while the writings of Sallust, Livy, Herodotus, and

Demosthenes became almost as unknown as the realm of Prester John. Honorius wrote in the twelfth century: "It grieves me when I consider in my mind the number of persons who, having lost their senses, are not ashamed to give their utmost labor to the investigation of the abominable figments of the poets and the captious arguments of the philosophers which are wont inextricably to bind the mind that is drawn away from God in the bonds of vices, and to be ignorant of the Christian profession whereby the soul may come to reign everlastingly with God. . . . Moreover, how is the soul profited by the strife of Hector, or the argumentation of Plato, or the poems of Vergil, or the elegies of Ovid?" And so it was for four centuries. The Church confounded the truth with its interpretation of truth. But while St. Bernard, the arch-advocate of this manner of thinking, was living, Abelard was also declaring the right of liberty of thought and liberty of the spirit.

After all, the narrowness of thought in this time was not unmixed with good. There was much that was incorrigible in the Germanic stock. Feudalism was the political drill-master of Europe. Men needed a rod of iron across their backs. So, too, the dogmatism of the Church, its bigotry and intolerance, had virtue in it. In an age when everything tended to divide Europe into a chaos of jarring fragments, the Church was one in theory, in government, in faith, in language. Its unity had to be preserved at any cost, until young Europe might become united enough to stand. When that time came, dogmatism and scholasticism and dialectics had taught men *how* to think; the new culture of the Renaissance was to give the now trained mind of Europe new matter to think about. As truth broadened, the ways of looking at things could then safely broaden too.

The author is occasionally led astray by unfamiliarity with details of general history. No "Roman gentleman in far-off Britain" (p. vii.) ever ordered, or could have ordered, a copy of "the latest ode of Horace," for the reason that Britain did not become a Roman province until after the Christian era. Is not Boethius entitled to as much credit (p. 35) as Isidore for introducing to Europe of the Middle Ages the teachings of philosophy? On p. 38 the author apparently uses the words "rule of the Lombards" to mean the Lombard Italy of the tenth century. On p. 55 we read: "*England*, converted by her monks, has special reason to be proud of the historians furnished by her abbey.

One chronicler, Gildas, has painted with fiery touches the miseries of Great [!] Britain after the departure of the Romans." Confusion worse confounded! Gildas was a monk of the British Church, a Briton dwelling in Britain (not "Great" Britain), and was not of England nor English. Ingulph of Croyland is a forgery, and not, as Mr. Putnam thinks (pp. 56, 132), a genuine chronicle. Was it not Henry IV. instead of Frederick IV. who was hostile to the monks of Hirschau? (p. 82). The reform movement began rather with the Council of Constance than with that of Basel (p. 85). Henghist and Horsa landed in 449, not 451 (p. 93). This statement is not clear to me: "During the long years of invasion and of civil war, the literary interests and culture that had come to the Saxons had been in great part swept away" (p. 98). Is it to be understood that the term "civil war" refers to the wars of the different petty English kingdoms with one another? And what amount of "literary interests and culture" came to the Saxons through Rome until the missionaries of Gregory the Great? There is curiously little notice of the destruction of monasteries and manuscripts by the Danes. "Richard" of Wendover (p. 104) is properly Roger of Wendover. And, finally, is not this a fancy? — "The school at Tours [under Charles the Great] may be considered as a precursor of the French Academy of modern times" (p. 107).

It is to be hoped that Mr. Putnam's second volume, covering a time so rich in men — the first printer-publishers of France, Casaubon, Caxton, the Kobergers of Nuremberg, Erasmus, Luther as an author, the Elzevirs of the Low Countries, and the great Italian galaxy, — and so splendid in ideas — freedom of the press and the conception of personal property in literature — will embrace this large spirit already indicated in the history of books and authors. Books which are worth anything are not merely books, but a part of the body of literature. Mr. Putnam's personal experience has doubtless led him to dwell upon the making of books rather than upon the makers. There is such a thing as sympathy with books apart from the authors thereof. It certainly was no intentional slight, but simply an illustration of the principle that knowledge even of a particular subject is too vast and too subtle to be comprised between the covers of one volume. Mr. Putnam's modest hope that "the present volume may be accepted by the historian of copyright and by the students of the subject as forming

a suitable general introduction to such a history," if not fulfilled by himself in some future work will be fulfilled by some other student indebted to him for this blazing of the path.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

THE ART OF WRITING.*

It is hard to see just who can use the many text-books now being published on rhetoric and English composition, for every teacher has written one himself (or is writing one), and, if only out of self-respect, must use it with his classes to the exclusion of the rest. That is, every teacher has his peculiar way of looking at the subject, his own way of teaching it, that makes it impossible for him to approve of anybody else's way. We have all of us wandered far from Aristotle, but there has arisen no John Stuart Mill. There is no name of pre-eminent greatness among modern writers on rhetoric, no one system of post-Aristotelian method that compels attention. Every man says whatever is right in his own eyes.

There was a time, long since, when there was a more or less definitely accepted system of rhetoric; but even in such palmy days the system was not very systematic. In fact, the rhetorician (if the teacher or student of good writing will accept that name of hissing and reproach), the rhetorician has almost always been like that distinguished master of the art who aroused complaint because he not only had "nothing so finite as a system," but not even any principles which were "coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative." In place of a system, the modern student has good usage†; in place of logically developed principles, the rhetorician substitutes whatever rules of practice his own reading and writing recommend to him. There is perfect freedom on the king's highway, and everyone may ride along on his hobby at the gait that seems most pleasant.

Hence (finally to fetch a compass, and get around to our subject), it is not easy to criticise Professor Arlo Bates's "Talks on Writing English," as he rightly says a book should be criticised, namely by measuring it with a defined standard. There is no defined standard, because there is no system of rhetoric, or English composition (if that be the better name), which compels consistency, and no theorist who com-

pels agreement. With a good deal of this book I disagree, but not because it differs from any accepted standard; merely because it differs from my own idea of how the thing should be done.

It must be remarked, however, that Mr. Bates's book does not pretend to be a systematic treatment of rhetoric. It is not a college text-book, but a book for more general reading. It is not a guide to instruction, but a discussion of the subject of good writing. As appears from the name, it is not a systematic treatise, but a series of "talks," or somewhat informal lectures. For writing such a book, Mr. Bates has very eminent qualifications: he is at once a man of letters and a college professor; he has also been an editor. He is entitled to be heard on the *ars utens* and the *ars docens*. While he has the skill and confidence of the artist, he is not unacquainted with academic tradition nor with the needs and uses of the market-place. What we have here is a practical discussion of the art of writing by a writer who, while devoted to literature, has had the privilege of being led into the temptation to become a pedant on the one hand and a man of affairs on the other, and has resisted both temptations.

His book, therefore, has the advantage of teaching by example as well as by precept. It is encouraging to learn of a man who can do the thing himself. Illogical though it be, one does feel as though a teacher ought to be able to do the thing he teaches. It is true that a man may know what good writing is and how it is to be attained, and yet not be able to write especially well himself. But one feels safer with a man who can; one feels safer, — and then, also, one finds it more amusing. This book is written in a happy and interesting way, so that it is a pleasure to read it. If anything, it goes a little too far: there are not a few passages that please one until one asks, "What has all this to do with the matter in hand?" That is natural in the work of an imaginative writer: he does not readily confine himself to mere didactics; his ideas have more than the mere facts to them.

I take it, the book is meant for people adopting literature as a profession; certainly the greater part of the book will appeal to such a public. There is another book on English composition of something the same character as this one, and the publishers tell us that it is amazingly successful with college classes. But it is hard to think of this book's being used as a

* TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† A matter as easy to determine by the canons of Campbell as true Christianity by the dictum of Vincent of Lerins.

text-book; a good teacher could do excellent work with it, of course, as with several dozen others. But it does not especially address students; the four chapters on narration, for instance, are written with an eye to short stories and novels, and there is slight use in trying to teach college men in general to write short stories or novels. It seems to be the "young aspirant for literary honors" who will get the most good from these talks. Such a one I can imagine reading the book with intense interest, keeping it by him and referring to it often, upbraiding it for its rigor and trying hard to realize its felicities. Mr. Bates says he has tried to state those things which would have been most helpful to him twenty years ago; his book will be most useful to those who have in mind a career in the same direction as the author's.

It is, perhaps, ungracious to be dissatisfied with a book for not being what it never intended to be, and yet (to harp again upon an old chord) I read modern books on writing English with a regret that they do not at least attempt a thorough authoritative study of the phenomena of the expression of thought in letters. Beyond such and such a point, one may say, analysis cannot go; and this is true of your analysis if you can make it go no farther. But I have great faith in the determined energy of the scholar, which is something that this book lacks—something, indeed, to which it hardly pretends. Mr. Bates says that a professional is a person who has learned how to do a thing, while an amateur is one who has not. He is certainly a professional writer himself, and he shows how another can learn something at least of his profession. But there is a good deal of difference between learning how to do a thing and learning how a thing is done. Let a professional be one who knows how to do a thing; the scholar always wants to know how a thing is done. We have already many books that teach how to write; no new one adds very much to our ideas. What we want now is something that gets to the root of the matter.

Perhaps it is a dangerous experiment. The great delight of good writing lies in its charm; it is, of course, not wise for your enchanter to explain just how he manages his wonders. To try to snatch off the magic robe is perhaps too like destroying the last reserve anywhere else: you do it at your peril. And yet, one always longs to scale a mountain; there is surely something splendid to be seen from the top.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

A FAMOUS FAMILY OF SINGERS.*

Mr. John W. Hutchinson, the sole survivor of the famous "Hutchinson Family" of singers and musicians, has told their interesting story in two large octavo volumes, with fifty-seven illustrations. In 1874, Joshua Hutchinson, an older brother, published a "Brief Narrative" of the family; but this was inadequate, and in response to frequent requests from friends in all parts of the country the present work appears. The first volume concludes with the year 1869, and—partly because of the period covered, partly because of a certain spontaneity and freshness in the manner of telling which are lacking in the second—is by all odds the more interesting and important. The story is too long drawn out, and the almost infinite number of details grows tiresome. The little homely incidents and anecdotes related in the first part are of value as side-lights to the history of that early time in New England. We are even interested to hear just how the belongings of the quartet were disposed on their first tour,—how the violins, without cases, were hung up inside the carryall, the bass-viol was strapped on top, while the little hair-trunk containing Abby's simple wardrobe was safely stowed away on the rack. But we care less to be informed how John spent each day at the World's Fair, of the old friends he met, and what they said.

Jesse and Mary Hutchinson, of Milford, New Hampshire, were the parents of sixteen children, of whom thirteen grew to maturity. The father and mother were both musical, and melody was a part of the atmosphere of their home. Parker Pillsbury was much impressed by an incident that occurred in 1844, while he was a guest of the Hutchinsons. After breakfast, the father was about to start for his labor in the fields, when one of the boys asked him if they should not sing him a farewell. The father paused, and the dozen sons and daughters, led by Jesse, the oldest, sang:

"Our father, we wish you well.

When our Lord calls, we hope you will be mentioned in the promised land."

To this prayer the father responded, in sonorous and earnest tones:

"My children, I wish you well.

When our Lord calls, I trust you will be mentioned in the promised land."

The first public appearance of the Hutchinson-

*STORY OF THE HUTCHINSONS (Tribe of Jesse). By John Wallace Hutchinson. Compiled and edited by Charles E. Mann; with Introduction by Frederick Douglass. In two volumes, illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

son family was on Thanksgiving evening, 1839, when the eleven sons and two daughters delighted the Milford people with a free concert in the Baptist Church. A little later, the quartet, destined to fame on both sides of the Atlantic, started out; they were Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, and were christened by Mr. N. P. Rogers "a nest of brothers with a sister in it." Abby was then only eleven years old; but she proved a drawing card, her voice being rarely musical, and she herself a most charming creature. A few years ago, Abby, with her husband, Mr. Ludlow Patton, visited Santa Fé, New Mexico, where the writer was then living, and sang in the hotel parlors. It is no exaggeration to say that, although nearly sixty, she still retained the engaging manner and spiritual beauty of her youth, and that her voice had lost none of its rich melody. She was a beautiful and noble woman, always the idol of her brothers, and probably the most highly gifted of the family. The tender solicitude and love of all for this youngest blossom are constantly shown in these volumes. She early abandoned the concert field, being married in 1849, and afterwards appearing in public only at rare intervals and on very special occasions. Of her appearance in 1845, when she went to Great Britain with her brothers, Mr. Frank B. Carpenter gave a very interesting account:

"When the evening came for the opening concert, the Hanover Square Rooms were crowded by a gathering of prominent literary and musical people. Abby, modestly attired in white, was radiant with happiness and intelligence. It was something new to behold one so modest, so artless, commanding the attention of English audiences. She won the hearts of all. Her voice was full and clear, and her execution faultless. Her singing of Tennyson's 'May Queen' had a heavenly charm. The first part was sung with such exuberance of youthful joy and hope as to win the instant uncontrolled applause of the audience. The second part in sad and mournful strains carried home the words of this pathetic song to every heart. It seemed an angel's voice whispering to the dying May Queen peace and resignation. It was the passing of a spirit to that heaven where the sun of righteousness forever shines. She lifted the audience to a state of unparalleled exaltation. The next day the press of London rang with the praises of the American Singers."

But the greatest work of the Hutchinsons, and that in which they won their chief fame, was in the anti-slavery field. They were abolitionists from the very beginning of their career. "The Old Granite State" was the song with which they opened their concerts; but there were always such stirring melodies as "The Slave's Appeal," "Get Off the Track," and Whittier's anti-slavery verses. Nathaniel P.

Rogers, always a warm friend, wrote of their appearance at one of the great abolition meetings in Boston:

"They made the vast multitude toss and heave and clamor like the roaring ocean. Orpheus is said to have made the trees dance at his playing. The Hutchinsons made the thousands at Faneuil Hall spring to their feet simultaneously, 'as if in a dance,' and echo the anti-slavery appeal with a cheering that almost moved the old Revolutionists from their stations on the wall. . . . Phillips had been speaking in his happiest vein. It was toward night. The old hall was sombre in the gloaming. It was thronged to its vast extremities. Phillips closed his speech at the highest pitch of his fine genius, and retired from the platform, when the four brothers (Jesse, Judson, John, and Asa) rushed to his place, and took up the argument where he had left it, on the very heights of poetic declamation, and carried it heavenwards on one of their boldest flights. Jesse had framed a series of stanzas on the spot, while Phillips was speaking, embodying the leading arguments, and enforcing them, as mere oratory cannot, as music and poetry only can, and they poured them forth with amazing spirit, in one of the maddening Second Advent tunes. The vast multitude sprang to their feet, as one man, and at the close of the first strain gave vent to their enthusiasm in a thunder of unrestrained cheering. Three cheers, and three times three, and ever so many more,—for they could not count—they sent out, full-hearted and full-toned, till the old roof rang again. And throughout the whole succeeding strains they repeated it, not allowing the singers to complete half the stanza before breaking out upon them in uncontrollable emotion."

Such was their singing, and such was its effect. No wonder they were lionized in the North and hated in the South. Their work brought them in contact with all the great reformers of that golden period, and many precious friendships were formed. They sang in all parts of the country,—to the soldiers in camp, to President Lincoln at the White House, to great audiences in all our large cities; and though praised and flattered without stint, they remained the same simple, unaffected band of Yankee singers, pouring themselves forth in music that was as natural as breathing. Judson's voice was a pure tenor, John's a baritone, Asa's a deep bass, while Abby sang contralto. The voices blended so perfectly that it was quite impossible to distinguish the several parts, and such exquisite harmony is seldom attained by long years of practice. The wives of Judson and Asa and John were all singers, and since the war there have been so many different tribes of Hutchinsons singing in various parts of the country as to prompt a Massachusetts paper to declare, a few years ago: "The Hutchinson Family, which has been giving concerts since the flood, and about one hundred of which have died, is singing away as though

nothing had happened, up in New Hampshire."

Of the three brothers who sang with Abby, perhaps the most interesting was Judson, the eleventh child, "dear, impulsive, noble Judson," as Garrison called him. He had more of what is termed genius than any of the others. Possessed of rare ventriloquial powers, he was able in such songs as "Excelsior" to produce wonderful effect. Of a nervous, high-strung temperament, he was always inclined to melancholy; yet humor and satire were curiously blended in him. He is said to have possessed what is commonly known as "second-sight," and some strange illustrations of this gift are given in the present work. Living through that stimulating period of moral awakening of which the anti-slavery movement was the strongest outbreak, when, as Mr. Higginson says, "it was in as bad taste for a poor man to have but one hobby in his head as for a rich man to keep but one horse in his stable," the Hutchinsons were not absorbed in the anti-slavery movement to the exclusion of other reforms. They sang with equal zest in behalf of peace, temperance, and woman's enfranchisement. Judson adopted new notions with all the ardor of an enthusiastic nature, going about in socks, because he did not believe in wearing any garment that necessitated the killing of animals, and being a most devoted Grahamite. The rest of the family laughed at Judson's idiosyncrasies, but he was the one they all loved most. His mind, like many another so sensitively attuned, became really unbalanced during the last years of his life, and in a period of depression he hanged himself. Each of this band of singers is interesting in his way; they all had strongly pronounced personalities, and may be taken as types of the New England character of their time. All but one have passed over to the great unknown; and it was fitting that this last of the sixteen, lingering now "among new men, strange faces, other minds," should tell the story of the picturesque band who rendered such valiant service to the cause of humanity in the days that tried men's souls.

GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

LOCKHART'S "Life of Sir Walter Scott," in the condensed form of the edition of 1848, has been published in an excellent two-volume American edition (Crowell). It will be remembered that this revision and condensation of the full biography was made by Lockhart himself, who compressed the original eighty-four chapters into eighteen, and added considerable fresh matter. Life is too short to allow many of us to read the work in its earlier form, and this abridgment gives us the best of both Scott and Lockhart.

SOCIAL FORCES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.*

Since Herder put forth the doctrine that literature is only one of many manifestations of national life, a century passed before the writers of histories of literature learned to apply to their work the natural conclusions of the doctrine, and to keep their readers always in sight of the reality behind the manifestation. No history of literature is satisfactory to-day unless it is more or less a philosophy of literature. Of course it is not possible within practicable limits to display at every moment the whole of the national life together with its literary product. The reader must be familiar already with the outlines of the general history. Taine, in the Introduction to his "English Literature," makes *the race, the surroundings, and the epoch* the essential features which he would keep in sight of his readers; but he hardly carries out his programme as to the last of these. We see constantly the full-feeding, pugnacious Saxon and his foggy green island, but not much of the popular, intellectual, and political life of an epoch. Scherer, in his "German Literature," as in a well-constructed historical novel, keeps the dynastic history evident in the background, but does not hold his readers well in touch with the great social movements of the nation.

In deciding what phases of the nation's life to portray along with its literature, it is inevitable that a writer have a theory and follow a principle. This Dr. Francke has done in his study of "Social Forces in German Literature." He endeavors to keep always in mind the prime tendencies in the social and intellectual life of the period, and especially the parallel expressions of these tendencies in philosophy and art. He sees these tendencies striving between the poles of individualism and collectivism, finding perfection on the individualistic side in the great masters of the eighteenth century, and moving even now toward a collectivistic harmony. If the effort to discover these tendencies in all interesting works of German literature seems occasionally a little forced, on the whole it must be admitted by even the most determined casualist that the theory is luminous. For the first time, German literature has been depicted with a spirit that imparts to it organic unity. We have not, then, a mere old-fashioned chronological list of

*SOCIAL FORCES IN GERMAN LITERATURE. A Study in the History of Civilization. By Kuno Francke, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of German Literature in Harvard University. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

German authors, with brief biographies and extracts, such as might serve for cramming in a civil service examination; and yet few works of importance fail to receive mention, while the excellent index and bibliographic foot-notes make the volume a satisfactory hand-book for college classes pursuing the outline of the subject. Doubtless Dr. Francke had no thought of supplanting Scherer, but he has certainly produced an indispensable supplement to that or any other standard history of German literature.

Notwithstanding what has just been said of the pursuit of a theory, and the disclaimer in the Preface of any pretensions to purely literary criticism, this book is rich in well-weighed, condensed judgments of writers, and in discriminating, yet enthusiastic, appreciations of the best qualities in their masterpieces. For instance, in speaking of the Court Epics our author says:

"There is no background to most of these poems. In reading them we feel as if we were seeing a mirage. . . . However varied and fantastic the armours and garments of these lords and ladies are, almost all their faces look alike; however wild the forests, however gorgeous the ravines, we do not hear the wind rustle in the leaves or the water roaring in its fall. And over the unending succession of fashionable happenings, of gallant tournaments, of love-scenes both delicate and frivolous, of bold abductions and miraculous escapes, we entirely lose sight of the real forces and the true meaning of life."

Here is a much-needed correction of a current error regarding what are called Popular Lyrics and Epics (*Volkslieder, Volksepen*):

"No doubt there is a great deal of truth in the assertion that the Volkslied is property and product of the whole nation. . . . And yet it is equally certain that each Volkslied, in its original form, is property and product of an individual poet, and is the result of individual and personal experiences. If this were not self-evident, the German folk-songs of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries would give ample proof of it."

As an illustration of Dr. Francke's method, I submit several extracts from his treatment of Luther and the Reformation.

"The history of the German people in the sixteenth century presents a strange and sad spectacle. At the beginning of the period Germany, of all European nations, shows the highest intellectual promise. . . . Great men are standing up for a great cause. Copernicus is pointing toward an entirely new conception of the physical universe. Erasmus and Hutten, Holbein and Dürer, Melancthon and Luther, each in his own sphere, are preparing the way for a new and higher form of national life. It seems as though a strong and free German state, a golden age of German art and literature, were near at hand. At the end of the century all these hopes are crushed. While England is enter-

ing the Elizabethan era, while the Dutch are fighting the most glorious struggle of modern times for free thought and free government, Germany, the motherland of religious liberty, is hopelessly lost in the conflict between Jesuit and Protestant fanaticism, and is gradually drifting toward the abyss of the Thirty Years' War."

Such is the introduction to the chapter — the statement of the question. After an analysis of Humanism and of Luther's greater works, Dr. Francke prepares for a *résumé*:

"We have already spoken of the causes which between 1525 and 1530, brought the Reformation movement to a standstill and checked the upward, idealistic current of German literature. To say it once more: the chief reason was the absence in the Germany of the sixteenth century of a strong national will, of an enlightened public opinion. . . . The result was that the religious Reformation, instead of being borne along by an irresistible tide of national enthusiasm, was forced into the narrow channels of local fanaticism. . . . And thus it came about that at the very time (1530) when the Augsburg Confession, the official form of the Protestant belief, was definitely fixed, Protestantism had ceased to represent, what in the beginning it had stood for, the deepest hopes and highest aspirations of a united people."

"Luther himself ended by abandoning the ideals of his early manhood. He had broken with the old sacred tradition; he had rejected all outward helps to salvation; he had placed himself on his own ground, alone in all the world, trusting in the personal guidance and protection of God. As a result of his own teaching he now saw the country transformed into a surging sea, tossed, as it seemed to him, by evil doctrines and pernicious contests. Had it, then, really been the voice of God that called him? . . . He can only answer these terrible questionings by a blind and implicit faith. He comes forth from the struggle, not as he entered it, strong in intellectual fearlessness, but strong in stubborn adherence to a chosen authority; not any longer the champion of reason, but as its defamer."

"And yet how different the intellectual history of Germany and of the world would have been if the man who had given the German people the idea of universal priesthood, who had called on them to fling away the form in order to save the substance of religion, who had grounded the religious life upon individual belief and individual reason, had not ended as the founder of a new orthodoxy and a new absolutism."

It is manifest, in the extracts already given, that the judgments of the author are not mere re-wordings of the opinions of standard critics. Every page bears witness to his independence. But it is an independence based evidently upon broad and careful knowledge, and will therefore attract and interest in its concurrence as well as in its dissent. Among dissenting positions is what is meant to be a "*Rettung*" of Klopstock. In the opinion that "the time will certainly come when even the narrative part of the *Messias* will again, as in Goethe's youth, find readers willing to let themselves be

carried along by its powerful and sonorous, though sometimes monotonous, flow of oratory," Dr. Francke will probably find few sympathizers,—least of all, if we may credit a recent report, from one of his colleagues in the English department.

It is not possible within the limits of this review to do justice to Dr. Francke's treatment of the great writers of the eighteenth century. In general, there is here much more of literary criticism than in other parts of the book. While there is a conscientious, and, as it seems to me, thoroughly successful, attempt to do justice to Goethe, the author's sympathies are plainly with Schiller. He admires Goethe, he loves Schiller. For instance, your genuine Goethe worshipper would not be satisfied to have this said of "Wilhelm Meister":

"We feel as though we could not breathe in this atmosphere, as though there was no chance for activity in a social order in which the main interests of modern German life, a national dynasty, a national parliament, problems of national organization, defence and self-assertion, had no part. We even feel something akin to contempt for these men and women who keep a most scrupulous account of their own precious emotions, who bestow the most serious consideration upon a host of insignificant trifles, and who, at the same time, only too often are found erring in the simplest questions of right and wrong."

Yet the novel is by no means herewith condemned. With great care its undoubted merits and historical significance are pointed out. But when Dr. Francke turns to Schiller's characters, he says:

"If they are sometimes lacking in that instinctive sympathy with human nature as it is which distinguishes all of Shakspeare's and nearly all of Goethe's work, they compensate for this by their splendid enthusiasm for human nature as it ought to be."

Rarely, as in the case of Richter, there seems to be an incomplete reconciliation of the hitherto prevailing opinion, and the author's own, and both appear. For instance:

"In him [Jean Paul], it seemed, the ideal of an harmonious, all-embracing individuality had taken bodily form and come to walk among men. There probably never was a poet who felt more deeply and with more personal ardor than Jean Paul the unity of all life. His loving eye lingered with the same calm serenity upon the smallest and the greatest. His life was filled with that profound and joyous awe which springs from a strong and abiding sense of the infinite and which is 'man's best part.'"

But a few pages farther on occur these bewildering, though certainly just, judgments:

"How could he help being devoid of the moral soundness and vigor which is the fruit of individual talent exercised in the service of a common cause?"

"His real interest lay, not in the universal and the

normal, but in the exceptional and the abnormal, in the capricious and the diseased."

"It is indeed well-nigh impossible for the modern reader to find his way through the labyrinthine tangle of Jean Paul's imagination. These enchanted forests of wild adventure and mysterious chance, these dreary deserts of recondite learning, these gloomy caverns of mystic contemplation, these cataracts of untamed emotion,—how strange and bewildering it all is!"

What a blessed feeling of relief these last paragraphs must bring to many a docile literary conscience confused in its vain attempts to bring the hitherto required tribute to Richter's shrine!

But I have said and quoted enough to arouse in every friend of German literature the desire to possess this interesting volume. The style is clear, crisp, and unobtrusive, and despite the modest apology of the Preface, would probably betray to no one not on the alert for evidence the fact that the author left Germany less than fifteen years ago. The proof has been read with great care, the few errors being mostly immaterial, and the publishers have given a handsome and dignified outfitting to what is destined to be a standard work for both professional and general uses.

W. H. CARRUTH.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The treatment of Nature in English poetry.

We have several times had occasion to commend academic dissertations published by the English Department of the University of Chicago. Such work as has been done in this field by Dr. Lewis, Dr. Carpenter, and Dr. Triggs exhibits in a very high degree the thoroughness and the painstaking industry that we have a right to expect from the university thesis, although we do not always get it. The University of Chicago has set a high standard in this matter, and the latest English monograph that has issued from this institution certainly does not derogate from that standard. It is the work of Miss Myra Reynolds, and has for its subject "The Treatment of Nature in English Poetry between Pope and Wordsworth." The author has evidently read, note-book in hand, the main body of eighteenth-century poetry, a large part of the fiction, and not a little of the literature of travel of the period. Her monograph fills 290 octavo pages, crammed with illustrative facts and phrases, and bristling with references as becomes a dissertation; yet graceful in manner and extremely readable, wherein it differs from most works of its class. She gives us, first, "a general statement of the chief characteristics that marked the treatment of nature under the dominance of the English classical poets," then a detailed study of those poets in whose writings we may find germs of the conception

of nature that was to burst into full flower with Wordsworth and his contemporaries; and, finally, brief special chapters on the landscape gardening, the fiction, the books of travel, and the landscape painting of the eighteenth century. The work is essentially a study in literary evolution, and contributes an important chapter to the new history of our literature, the work of many hands, that is slowly emerging, and that will, when completed, be as different from the earlier annalistic treatment as Lyell's "Geology" was different from the catastrophic geology of his predecessors. "Before Wordsworth, most of his characteristic thoughts on nature had received fairly explicit statement." This sentence, taken from the last page of Miss Reynolds's essay, is amply justified by the pages that go before, and may be taken as striking the keynote of her work.

*A study in
Old Scottish
Literature.*

In "The Authorship of the King's Quair," by J. T. T. Brown, we have what, if published in Germany, would be a simple dissertation or programme, a thin pamphlet sold for a mark. As brought out by the Publishers to the University of Glasgow, however, it appears in a much more imposing and sumptuous dress. Internally, there is not so much difference of spirit; the book is an argument to show that the old Scotch poem of "The King's Quair" was not written by James I., as has been commonly supposed. The view has not been universally accepted; indeed, there has been a running fire of criticism and correspondence on the subject throughout the past summer. We have not space at hand even to summarize the argument; and on other terms, an opinion on the outcome would hardly be of value. The case practically rests on six points: first, the poem is not by James, because the earliest ascription to him is of doubtful value; because the testimonies to his poetical ability are not convincing, while the silence of authoritative writers weighs heavily against it; because there is no sufficient reason to suppose that James, who was captured by the English when only twelve, would or could have written Lowland Scotch before he was released, and because of some errors as to the facts of the King's life which seem to be borrowed from Wyntoun's Chronicle; second, the poem is of a later date than James, because it has several characteristics of the Scotch of the latter half of the century, and because it is evidently written with some reference to "The Court of Love." Stated thus baldly, these reasons do not, of course, have the weight given by fuller treatment; but scholars will be able to see the direction of the argument. Our own opinion is that the last two points are the only ones of much value: if "The King's Quair" were written after "The Court of Love" (about 1450), if the rhymes show that its language is of the latter part of the century, it is not probable that it was written by James I., who died in 1437. But we cannot regard the parallels with "The Court of Love" as wholly convincing; and as to the showing of the language to be late fifteenth century,

our author prefers "to leave the task to others better qualified,"—a modest and laudable proceeding, but not convincing or persuasive as an argument. The Macmillan Co. are the American publishers.

*"The Chisel
of Phidias."*

It is quite certain that few of us get as much as we might out of the picture-galleries and museums of our large cities; and particularly is this apt to be the case with regard to collections of casts from the antique. Most people feel as though "the chisel of Phidias" was a something not wholly unfamiliar to them, but too often one's ideas upon the art of Phidias are based merely upon the Psyche and Flying Mercury we happen to have in the parlor, and vague recollections of the Venus of Melos and the Apollo Belvedere. In rendering more popular the knowledge of Greek sculpture and indicating its possibilities, we can hardly overrate the value of a book like the "Catalogue of the Casts of Greek and Roman Sculpture in the Museum of Fine Arts" (Boston), prepared by Mr. Edward Robinson, Curator of Classical Antiquities, and now in its third and revised edition (Houghton). We speak principally of the value of this book, not merely to those who walk about the galleries of casts and want to know what this or that may be, but to anyone who wants to know about Greek sculpture, for the book gives a careful discussion of each statue. It has its value to scholars also, both in its opinions and its indications of literature; but for popular use the book is especially adapted, and such use it will serve admirably. Even if the reader be not able to go to the Museum and see the casts in question, the book will furnish him with a guide to study, or, if no more, with much useful information. And, after all, Greek sculpture is something that one should have at least some little notion of, if only for the part it plays in every-day literature or conversation. True, most of us can appreciate that strange remark found by Longfellow somewhere, "Her arms were as lovely as those of the Venus di Milo," but how many see why that friend of Emerson's insisted that the Rondanini Medusa was really a Mnemosyne?

*The earliest
American
architect.*

As a sidelight upon the history of our country and its earlier conditions, the "Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch" (Houghton) will appeal to a larger circle than might care for the record of older Boston or the life of one of our first architects. Charles Bulfinch was a man of broad culture. He came of a family well-known in the Boston of the eighteenth century, in which was kept up a relation with Europe, both by study in earlier years and by later travel, that brought their interests more into the current of the world's ideas than was commonly the case in the America of a hundred years ago. His grandfather and his father had been doctors, one studying his profession in Paris, the other in London and Edinburgh. Although not destined for the family profession, Charles Bulfinch spent several years of

his youth in continental study, with results advantageous not merely to himself but to the country as well. Subsequent events rather forced upon him as a profession what had been more of a cultivated taste, and he became the first American architect of real distinction. The nation at large knows his work in the west front of the Capitol at Washington and in the State House at Boston, while a smaller constituency owe to him University Hall in Cambridge and the Massachusetts General Hospital. In this life of a man who, becoming imbued with old-world culture, if in one direction only, returned to his own country and gave himself up to doing what he could to increase her power and breadth of civilization, we of a later day have a peculiar interest. We should be glad to call especial attention to the many agreeable nooks and by-paths, as one may say, in the main road; but these the reader must discover for himself. The book is pleasantly written by Miss Ellen Bulfinch, with many letters, and is presented in delightful form by the publishers.

*Old French
Romances.*

The *cante-fable* of "Aucassin et Nicolette" has become of late years somewhat widely known to English readers, thanks mainly to the delightful version made by Mr. Andrew Lang. That old French romance contains many other gems of purest ray serene, hardly inferior in beauty to that tale of Provençal love, is a fact by no means so well known. A little volume called "Nouvelles Françaises en Prose du XIII^eme Siècle," published in 1856, presented modern readers with the text of five romances, of which "Aucassin et Nicolette" was the last. The other four have been left for the late William Morris to translate, and his versions have duly appeared as issues of the Kelmscott Press. Not long before his death, the translator consented to the republication of these four translations in a volume of the ordinary sort, and asked Mr. Joseph Jacobs to introduce them to their new and wider public. This volume of "Old French Romances" (imported by Scribner) is a treasure indeed. The English is as archaic as one could wish, and the spirit of the mediæval French most subtly decanted into new vessels. The events of these stories happen, as the editor happily suggests, "at the root of the mountains, on the glittering plain, and in short, we get news from Nowhere." And for this gift, as for so many others of perfect beauty, we may now thank only the memory of the noble poet whose special mission it was to interpret to a self-conscious age the life and thought of an unsophisticated past.

*A step toward
political reform.*

It is encouraging to read so interesting a book upon a subject usually so dry as "Proportional Representation"; and Professor J. R. Commons, while in some sense an advocate, has done much in his essay upon the subject to disabuse the mind of misconceptions, and to present a clear, cogent, and impartial con-

sideration of a greatly misunderstood movement. He contends that while proportional representation recognizes the existence of parties as indispensable in a free government, it prohibits the exaggerated influence of small factions holding the balance of power between two parties, and thus removes the incentives to bribery in elections. He thinks also that proportional representation based upon political opinions, rather than territorial areas, is a "specific" for the gerrymander. By abolishing districts, the substance of the gerrymander is effectually obliterated. Parties are represented in proportion to their strength. Justice and equality become realities. The independence of the voter, and freedom from the rule of the party machine, are assured. "Freedom from the rule of the machine," he says, "is, first, power on the part of the voters to control the nominations of their party; and second, power to defeat obnoxious candidates without endangering the success of the party." His arguments are sustained with tables, maps, and diagrams, illustrating and explaining them. Proportional representation is not an untried experiment. It has been successfully tried and is at present in vogue in several of the cantons of Switzerland, and there is no thought of change there. It is now proposed as a method of reform in American politics. Professor Commons believes it is only preliminary to social reform. The book is a valuable addition to the "Library of Economics and Politics" (Crowell).

*A glance at
Japanese
literature.*

One of the distinctive characteristics of this century of English letters is its relation to the literature of foreign countries. In the beginning of the century, Coleridge and Carlyle began to familiarize us with German literature. In the middle of the century, attention being already centrifugal, Tourguénieff and Tolstoi concentrated interest upon the literature of Russia. Nowadays we can hardly say that there is any particular foreign influence; Norway and Belgium and Spain attract to themselves, by this touch of novelty, an already half-jaded curiosity; but no single nation exerts the power over the republic of letters that was exerted by France two hundred years ago, or by Germany more recently. It is possible that a new interest will arise, not only in England but in all cultivated Europe, for the literature of Japan. We have already been strongly influenced by her more material arts and craft, but we do not know much of Japanese literature. With a view of affording some acquaintance therewith, Roger Roridan and Tozo Takayanagi have given us "Sunrise Stories" (Scribner). The book is called "A Glance at the Literature of Japan," and that is just about what it is. After we have read it we feel that we have glanced at the matter, and no more. It is neither a serious history of the development of Japanese literature, nor a free rendering of its spirit. We rather regret that the book should neither charm and delight us nor give us material for information

which we may desire. It is attractively printed, and there is a good deal that is interesting besides; but it still leaves a place for an Introduction to Japanese literature that shall be either fascinating or scholarly, or both.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Briefs for Debate" (Longmans), edited by Messrs. W. Du Bois Brookings and Ralph Curtis Ringwalt, is a book that will be found useful by members of literary societies, and will also prove a helpful adjunct to the work of the teacher of rhetoric. The subjects selected deal with "current political, economic, and social topics." A great number of such topics are analyzed, and supplied with outline arguments and bibliographical references. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart provides the work with an excellent introduction.

Madame de La Fayette's "La Princesse de Clèves" (Ginn) is edited for school use by Messrs. B. F. Sledd and H. Gorrell, and is a welcome addition to our list of annotated texts. "Moi," a three-act comedy by Labiche and Martin (Allyn), is edited by Mr. B. W. Wells for what is styled the "Ca Ira" series. Other books for the teacher of French are "Premières Lectures" (Jenkins), by "Veteran"; "French Lessons and Exercises" (Heath), by Mr. C. H. Grandgent; and a book in two parts on "The Study and Practice of French in School," by Mlle. Louise C. Boname, who is her own publisher.

Professor O. F. Emerson's "Brief History of the English Language" (Macmillan) is marked by the same excellences as his longer work on the same subject, published less than two years ago; the differences being principally in the way of condensation and re-arrangement in the later work, to adapt it to the use of schools. One of the noticeable features of the book is the stress laid upon spoken language as a factor in shaping English past and present; and this, in the hands of an enthusiastic and skilful teacher, may be made the means of original work on the part of students.

Mr. Arthur Waugh's new six-volume edition of "Johnson's Lives of the Poets" (imported by Scribner), of which four volumes have already been issued, presents the work in a very satisfactory form. Cunningham's edition, hitherto the library standard, has become outdated by the mass of new information that has accumulated during the past forty years, and his text is by no means accurate. Mr. Waugh gives us a new apparatus of notes, concisely stated and sparingly introduced, while his text is literally "that of the last edition to pass under Johnson's revision, the edition of 1783; the phrasing, punctuation, and spelling have been alike faithfully preserved." The edition is made particularly attractive by portraits of all the poets discussed by Johnson.

The pretty edition of FitzGerald's "Omar," published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., gives us the text of the "Rubaiyat" as posthumously corrected by Mr. W. Aldis Wright, also the text of the first edition, and the variants offered by the others. It also contains a biography by Mr. Michael Kerney, the epilogue to Tennyson's "Teiresias," the translator's own introduction and notes, and, in addition to all these features, reprints the translation of Jami's "Salaman and Absal." A portrait also appears, and the book contains, altogether, a good dollar's worth of literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is announced that Mr. J. W. Mackail will write the biography of William Morris.

Balzac's "The Country Parson" ("Le Curé de Village"), translated by Miss Ellen Marriage, has just been published by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is now publishing a volume of "Collected Essays." We trust that we may not have to wait long for an American edition.

"Germany" and "The Sea" are the respective subjects of two new volumes in the series of "Stories by English Authors," of which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

The "Athenæum" states that Mr. Aubrey de Vere is about to publish his autobiography, containing reminiscences of the various men of literary eminence with whom he has been associated during the last fifty years.

Four new volumes have been published in the tasteful new edition of Marryatt issued by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. The titles are "Percival Keene," "Masterman Ready," "The Privateersman," and "Monsieur Violet."

"The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and "Agnes of Sorrento," are the first volumes, just published, of the new uniform edition of Mrs. Stowe's writings. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers.

A new series of works to be known as "The Sportsman's Library," will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold, New York. The volumes will be issued at the rate of two or three a year, under the editorship of Sir Herbert Maxwell, and will be profusely illustrated.

The series called "Heroes of the Nations," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, has hitherto consisted entirely of new books. The latest volume offers a departure from this custom, being nothing more than a new edition of Irving's "Columbus" in its shorter form.

"Bibliographica," the beautiful quarterly publication devoted to the history and art of books, has reached its tenth issue, leaving but two more to complete the series. We feel that we are conferring a favor on book lovers and collectors in advising them to send to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the American agents, for prospectuses of this really monumental work.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have just published, at a moderate price, a neat and compact edition of Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte." Four volumes are bound in two, and numerous illustrations are supplied. The same publishers also send us an exceptionally attractive edition of Cooper's "Leatherstocking" novels, in five volumes, handsomely illustrated.

The second volume of "The Tragedies of Euripides in English Verse," translated by Mr. Arthur S. Way, has just been published by the Macmillan Co. A third volume will complete the work. The instalment now published includes a considerable essay on "Euripides and His Work," and translations of the following six plays: "Andromache," "The Children of Herakles," "The Daughters of Troy," "Electra," "Helen," and "The Madness of Herakles."

The American Library Association is raising a fund for the purpose of placing a bronze bust of the late Dr. William F. Poole in the Public Library or the Newberry Library, Chicago, and the Committee will welcome contributions from any one of the multitudes who have

found "Poole's Index" of great use to them and would like to honor its maker. No one has done more than Dr. Poole to promote the cause of general culture through public libraries. The committee, of which Dr. G. E. Wire, 1574 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill., is secretary and treasurer, will welcome all contributions, however small.

Wülker's "Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur" is the initial number of an important series of illustrated histories of literatures, soon to be published by Das Bibliographische Institut in Leipzig. Each history will be prepared by men of authority in their own line: the one on German literature by Professors Friedrich Vogt and Max Koch of Breslau; on the French, by Professors Hermann Suchier of Halle and Heinrich Morf of Zurich; the Italian, by Lector Berthold Wiese of Halle and Privatdocent Erasmo Percopo of Naples. Somewhat later the series will include histories of the literatures of the Slavonic and Oriental nations. The publishers intend to avoid the publication of "picture-books," and will make the illustrations contribute in every possible way to the clearer presentation of the subject. In selecting material for illustrations, three general principles are to be followed: they must not be too numerous, they must be selected by specialists and be arranged on scientific principles, and they must be reproduced from authentic originals and in the very best artistic skill. The first Lieferung of the work on English literature has just appeared, and gives a fair sample of what may be expected from the rest of the series. Professor Wülker's name is ample guarantee that the book is trustworthy and fully abreast of the latest scientific research, and the illustrations seem to have been selected and reproduced according to the principles just mentioned. One of these is a facsimile of a page from the Anglo-Saxon *Durhambuch*; another is a full-page wood-cut of Tennyson; others are of the earliest monuments of civilization in England. With them is given exact information as to the history of the originals and their present location. In the whole book of fourteen *Lieferungen* there will be one hundred and fifty illustrations in the text, twenty-five large ones in colors or from copper or wood, and eleven facsimile inserts; and among them all will be a large number of authentic portraits. The treatment of Ossian is quite characteristic, and shows the general method of the book. After briefly describing Ossian and the *Sagenkreis* upon which his poems are based, the discussion shows how Macpherson in the eighteenth century won renown by sending these poems all over the world to influence more or less the literatures of other peoples. Then follows an abstract of many of the poems, with frequent quotations in modern German translation. The complete book is to be sold at fourteen marks.

ON RETURNING A BORROWED BOOK.

"Such is the fate of borrowed books; they're lost,
Or not the Book returneth, but its Ghost."

Charles Nodier.

This book you loaned, I did not borrow;
Else had you wisdom at great cost,
And learned the truth made Nodier sorrow:
A borrowed book returns a ghost.

I've read the tale of these two lovers;
My memory's stolen all 't will hold,—
And yet you'll find between the covers
The same sweet story as of old.

WILLIAM S. LORD.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

October, 1896 (Second List).

Acetylene, the New Illuminant. V. J. Youmans. *Pop. Sci.*
Am. Industry, Why It Languishes. Sec'y Herbert. *No. Am.*
Art, Purpose in. Harriet Monroe. *North American.*
Books and their Makers. J. W. Thompson. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Butler, Marion. Carl Snyder. *Review of Reviews.*
Children's Questions, Educative Value of. *Popular Science.*
Cowden-Clarke, Mrs. Mary. Autobiography of. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Currency, The Best. A. W. Tourgé. *North American.*
Educational Prospects in England. Sir J. E. Gorst. *No. Am.*
Electoral System, Our. Bishop S. M. Merrill. *No. American.*
Foreign Trade, A Hindrance to Our. T. J. Jernigan. *No. Am.*
France's Task in Madagascar. Fred'k Taylor. *No. American.*
German Literature, Social Forces in. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Hanna, Marcus A. Murat Halsted. *Review of Reviews.*
Hutchinson Family of Singers, The. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Hypnotism, Educational Uses. Dr. R. O. Mason. *No. Am.*
Jones, Senator J. K. W. J. Abbott. *Review of Reviews.*
Leaves, Significance of. F. S. Matthews. *Popular Science.*
Literature, Originality in. Richard Burton. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Mental Capacity, A Measure of. Emil Kraepelin. *Pop. Sci.*
Metric System, The. T. C. Mendenhall. *Popular Science.*
Morris, William. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Nevada Silver. C. H. Shinn. *Popular Science.*
Novelists, Contentiousness of Modern. Agnes Repplier. *No. Am.*
Princeton after 150 Years. W. M. Daniels. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Self and Its Derangements. W. R. Newbold. *Pop. Science.*
Shipping, Our Neglected. A. R. Smith. *North American.*
Silver, Constitutional Changes under. Hon. W. Clark. *No. Am.*
Silver, Wage Shrinkage under. L. Windmüller. *No. Am.*
"Sound Money" Democracy, The. *Review of Reviews.*
Writing, The Art of. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Dial* (Oct. 16).
Vivisection Question. C. F. Hodge. *Popular Science.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 150 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY.

Constitutional History of the United States from their Declaration of Independence to the Close of their Civil War. By George Ticknor Curtis; edited by Joseph Culbertson Clayton. Vol. II.; with portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 750. Harper & Bros. \$3.
A History of Egypt during the XVIIth and XVIIIth Dynasties. By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L. Vol. II.; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 353. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.
English Historical Reprints. Edited by W. Dawson Johnston and Jean Browne Johnston. No. 1, Relations between Church and State, Mediæval, 664-154. 8vo, pp. 46. Ann Arbor, Mich.: Sheehan & Co. 25 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Memoirs of Baron Thiébauld (Late Lieutenant-General in the French Army). Trans. and condensed by Arthur John Butler. In two vols., with portraits, 8vo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan Co. \$7.
My Long Life: An Autobiographic Sketch. By Mary Cowden-Clarke. With portraits, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 276. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.
Famous American Actors of To-Day. Edited by Frederic Edward McKay and Charles E. L. Wingate. With portraits, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 399. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.
William Henry Seward. By Thornton Kirkland Lothrop. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 446. "American Statesmen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Life and Times of Savonarola. By Prof. Pasquale Villari; trans. by Linda Villari. Popular edition; illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 792. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
Columbus: His Life and Voyages. By Washington Irving. Condensed by the author from his larger work; illus., 12mo, pp. 412. "Heroes of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
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The Tragedies of Euripides in English Verse. By Arthur S. Way, M.A. In three vols., Vol. II.; 12mo, uncut, pp. 418. Macmillan Co. \$2.
Bibliographica: A Magazine of Bibliography. Part X.; illus. in colors, etc., 4to, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets.)
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